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SUMMER TERM - 1928

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The West Saxon.

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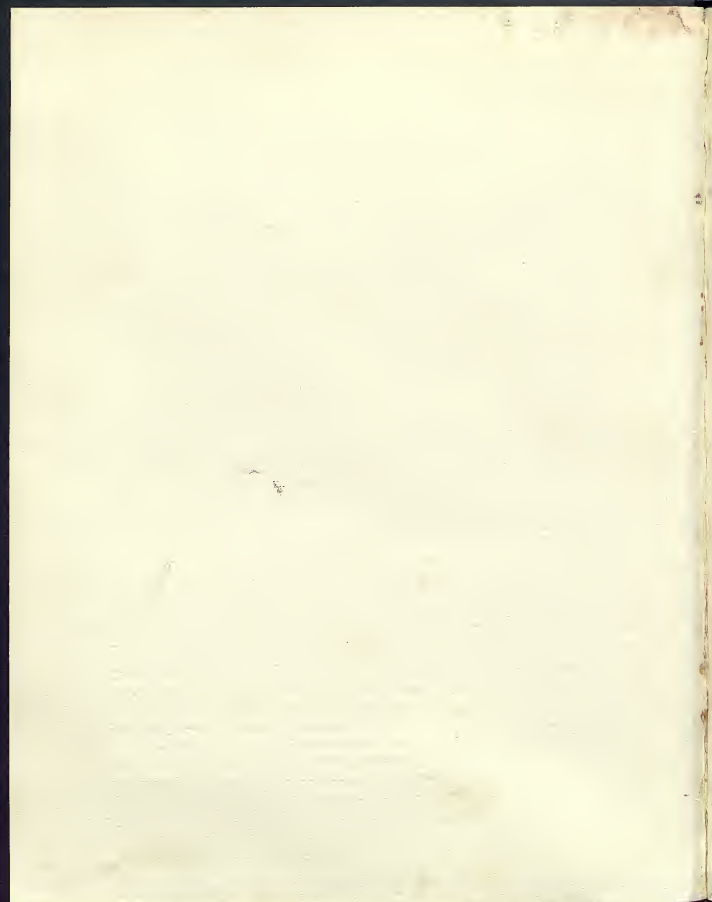
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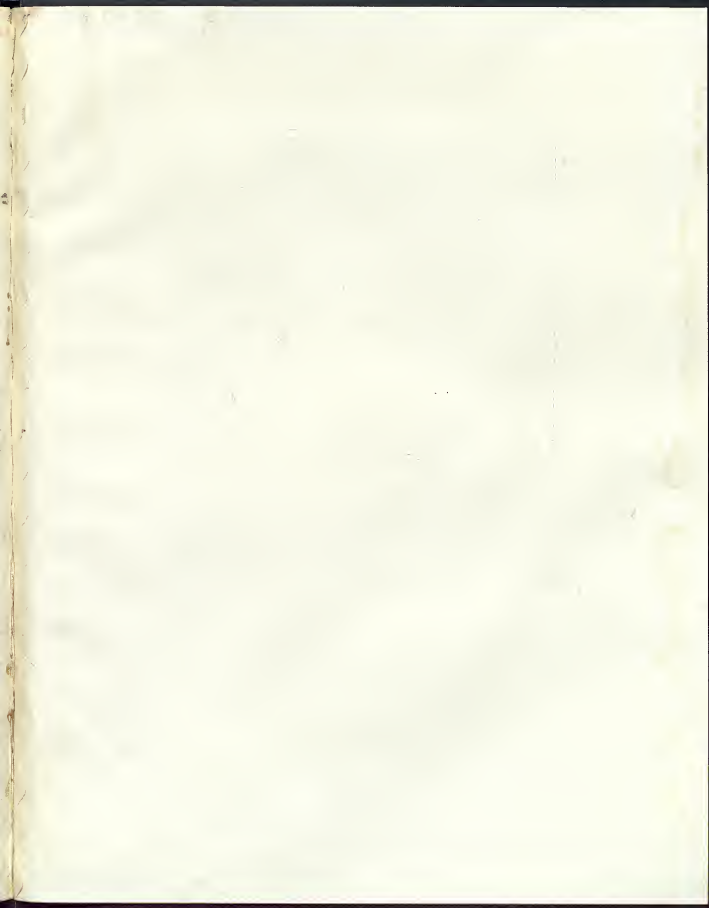
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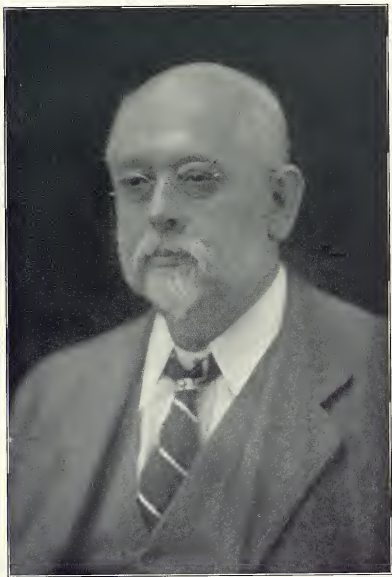
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THE LATE PROFESSOR LEAKE.

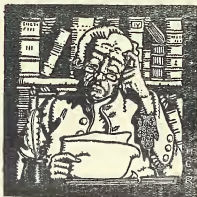
The West Saxon.

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EDITORIAL.



CONVINCED of the extravagance and folly of all forms of human effort, we sit before the uninteresting sheet of paper which is so soon to be decorated with our last editorial, seeking, perhaps a little impatiently, for something suitable to the occasion. This is a familiar attitude in editors, and is rapidly becoming monotonous, if not positively dull. Its existence is rendered none the less surprising by the fact that, with a few conspicuous exceptions, editors are not, in their private capacity, particularly averse from self-expression. We ourselves attended a conference of editors a short time ago, yet were strangely unsuccessful in our endeavours to obtain fresh light on this most momentous topic; even to others in similar posi-

tions an editor is unwilling to reveal the inward struggles that go to make even the most commonplace editorial; to reveal those struggles to the general reader would be the last and most despicable form of disloyalty to an honourable profession.

Self-revelation being thus, by the rules of the game, barred as a topic of editorial discussion, we turn to the world without, doubtful as to which particular class of our fellow beings may be most fruitfully addressed. We are particularly anxious to deliver ourselves on an opinion of the numerous potential contributors to this magazine who are too frequently content to allow their potentialities to wither away in some obscure corner of the library. It is not enough that *The West Saxon* should have enlisted in its service spiritual descendents of such diverse inspirations as those of Pepys and Shaw and Wells; nor, on the other hand, can the benevolent encouragement meted out to us on another page, altogether conceal the fact that the progress we make is somewhat difficult to perceive.

But if *The West Saxon* itself makes no perceptible advance, the Wessex in which it is produced is beginning to show indications of something more than passive resistance to life. That two new constitutions should have come into being in a single session is some indication of the super-human efforts which must have been made by some sections of the community. Moreover, the Athletic Union appears to mark a real advance in the organisation of our corporate life the importance of which is pointed out elsewhere in the magazine. It is difficult to realise either the significance of the change involved or the energy and patience which have brought it about; still more difficult is it to give adequate voice to the gratitude of the present generation of students to the people concerned in making a change affecting the whole future of student life in Wessex. The article already referred to has inevitably failed to do justice to its author's share in the work, and the debt we owe to Mr. Dudley, as retiring Chairman of the Athletic Union, is as great as it is difficult to explain. And if there exist individuals who are unable to detect any difference between the old and new constitutions of the Students' Union, may not this fact be due rather to lack of insight in those individuals than to lack of originality in the constitution? At least we hope so.

Meanwhile it becomes us to follow the example of our admirable predecessor, in fact of all our admirable predecessors in offering our excellent successor all that we have left of the editorial chair, in the profound hope that he (or she) will find it more comfortable than we have done, and no less interesting.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LEAKE.

BY the death of Professor Leake, the first Professor of Music in University College, Southampton, the College has lost not only an old member of the Staff, but an old friend, for his most notable characteristic was his genuine and universal friendliness. He had the great gift of interest and the power of making those who came into contact with him feel that they were of special value and significance, however unimportant to others they might seem. Both in music and in life he possessed and used unstintingly the gift of appreciation. His delight in music was a joy to watch and could sometimes almost infect the youthful jazzite with a fugitive feeling for the intricate polyphony of his beloved Tudors. Perhaps after all there might be something in this queer stuff without much tune or rhythm if Professor Leake could enjoy it as he obviously did. Some of us are apt to listen to sweet music with every outward appearance of anguish, but he was not only delighted but looked it. His pupils can speak best of the inspiration they found in his teaching and few things pleased and touched him so much to whom so many such different things gave pleasure as to find the children of his old pupils coming up to him for lessons. As he joined the College Staff in 1909, there has hardly been time for his second generation to grow up here as well as outside. He was always sorry that he was too busy to play to the students as much as he and they would have liked, but he would not play music he had not been able to practice thoroughly. To give any but the finest interpretation of which he was capable was to wrong the soul of an ancient master. But we shall not soon forget how he could play Brahms. His masculine vigorous style was well suited to Brahms's austerity of thought, intricacy of cross-rhythm and lovely changes from sternness to tenderness. He seemed to care most for the music which yields only to hard work and not to momentary emotion. Next to music he loved a joke, both to give and to take. Nonsense found in him a ready welcome, but for all that, he suffered bores more gladly than is possible to any but those who believe in the value of all human souls. No one was ever snubbed by him or purposely hurt. The grossest musical sins could not prevent him from forgiving the sinner.

It was a great pleasure to him to notice the growing number of students who turned up regularly at the weekly Gramophone Concerts. He was so keen on anything that could increase knowledge of and love for music in the College that this means of reaching music lovers who were having no direct training in the subject was very near to his heart. He would throw in little explanations which were very illuminating though he would never treat the machine part of the gramophone which the respect the mechanically minded pay to any sort of motor. Indeed he seemed almost afraid of it!

His work at College was only part of his wider work for music in the neighbourhood. For several years he was organist at St. Mark's and afterwards St. Mary's, and did a good deal of examining work. He was an active member of the British Music Society and did much hard work in connection with the Southampton Musical Festival of which he was a prominent official. He gave several courses of Lectures in the Town, chiefly on Tudor Music, which were always well attended. A special choir which provided illustrative music for them grew into the Madrigal Choir which met at College and was one of his special favourites. At one time he conducted the Philharmonic Society. All this represented a great outlay of time and energy on the part of a man who till his last illness kept the enthusiasm and energy of youth as he kept always the heart of youth.

The College is poorer by a generous and lovable personality and those of us who were associated with him miss a much loved friend of whom it is true that "the Kingdom of Heaven is of the childlike, of those who love and give pleasure."

A.M.T.

THE ATHLETIC UNION.

THE Best People,—who fill armchairs at good clubs, wear plus-fours, and call one another “stout fellow,”—are agreed that the only possible justification of Democracy is that it is better, on the whole, to govern oneself indifferently, by gad, than to be well governed by a paternally benevolent Autocracy. Be this as it may, we live in a democratic age, and it is the function of a modern university to fit its students to take their place in a democratic world. Therefore it is part, the better part, of university education that students should prepare for the larger life by organising and controlling every aspect of their social system at College. Thus the Mass Meeting of students held on 7th May to inaugurate the new model Students’ Athletic Union may justly be regarded as a milestone on the road to university status. For there was a time in the history of this college when the only reputable student activities were directly or indirectly under staff supervision. This magazine, for instance, was conducted or, as some thought, misconducted by a student assistant-editor. It was censored by a succession of staff editors who grew sour and suspicious through having to plumb the depths of every merry conceit for hidden and libellous import. When the student editor and his committee were made autonomous and responsible, they straightway pulled up the socks of their discretion, and the tone of the magazine steadily improved. This wise policy has been gradually extended to other matters of purely student concern, and now, the new constitution of the Athletic Union, and all it entails, marks a further stage in the delegation of responsibility.

Under the provisions of this new constitution in future a committee elected solely by the student body will have full financial control over the reconstructed playing-fields at Swaythling. Through the kindness of Mrs. Montefiore these grounds were secured by the College at a merely nominal rent in February 1924. This made it possible to centralise athletic activities, and so put an end to the annual search on the part of club captains round the receding outskirts of Southampton, for suitable playing pitches. But the ground at Swaythling had so long been virgin soil that it displayed a stubborn coyness at the prospect of being wedded to sport. It was placed under the control of the College Grounds Committee; and we owe it to this greatly-enduring and harassed body, that, in spite of shortage of cash and labour, so much was done to render the surface at all playable. Shattering explosions occasionally disturbed the monastic calm of Stoneham House warning the inmates that the dynamitards were at their fell work extirpating the stumps of immemorial elms; and each club captain would sally forth to see if the resultant shell-hole was on his particular pitch. Seriously, however, we should be ingrates indeed if we failed to record appreciation for all that was done with shovel, scythe, and axe, to say nothing of a conscripted steam-roller, to meet the requirements of sport. It is not, however, surprising that this arrangement often led to difficulties. Teams sometimes found their grounds unavoidably unprepared, and as the machinery for complaint and rectification necessarily took time to operate, it was only through the exercise of tact and good humour on both sides that unpleasant situations were avoided. Suggestions were made to abolish the duality of control and to place the management of the grounds entirely in the hands of the Students’ Athletic Union. The time for this bold experiment was not, however, judged ripe; and the Grounds Committee continued to do their utmost in spite of great difficulty to subdue the face of nature. But the memorable humidity of the alleged summer of 1927 brought matters to a crisis. The grass won by several lengths.

At the beginning of the present session the Principal, whose interest and concern is gratefully acknowledged by all, brought the problem of the playing-fields to the notice of the Council. It was generously decided to spend £1,200 in putting the grounds in order, and subsequently, on the recommendation of the Grounds Committee, to entrust

their management and development to a committee representative of the Students' Athletic Union. In a small college such as ours this is a courageous experiment, and it is hoped that the students will make it a successful one, and will show in the next five years that they are worthy of the responsibility which the Grounds Committee and Council are entrusting to them.

In an undertaking like this kind experience is invaluable. The Students' Union, therefore, are to be congratulated in having enlisted the services of the Registrar, who, after making enquiries in all the provincial Universities and University Colleges, helped the committee to draft the new constitution of the Athletic Union. This was submitted to Council and approved.

It is with gratitude we record that the capital sum voted by Council has been met by the unfailing generosity of the President of the College, Mr. Montefiore. The enthusiastic unanimity with which the mass-meeting desired him to accept office as President of the new union, is a token of our grateful feelings towards this revered benefactor of the College. We are honoured by his acceptance. The Principal has signified his willingness to be Vice-President.

The constitution of the Athletic Union provides for a committee elected by the students, but comprising two offices—those of chairman and general treasurer—which must be held by members of the Staff. This provision obtains at most Universities, and is necessary, in a new institution at least, in order to secure that element of continuity without which tradition cannot take root, and in absence of which it would be impossible to control and instruct groundsmen during the long Vac. The main responsibility for this inter-sessional control must rest with the chairman, and for this office the committee could have made no happier choice than that of the Registrar. Mr. Grant is, *ex officio*, a man of affairs; he is also a sportsman. But he has the additional and indispensable qualification of relevant experience. While a student, and later as a member of the Staff, at Liverpool University, he was largely instrumental in initiating a similar experiment in student autonomy, and bringing it to a successful issue. During the past few months his energy, sagacity, and enthusiasm, fill us with confidence for the future—

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.

Mr. Glover-James has consented to continue his hold on the Union purse. This is as it should be. Mr. Glover-James is a tried and true friend of College sports, and past generations of Hartleyan engineers would be scandalised if he were not in office.

The success of the present experiment will depend, in the first place, on the elected committee. The present writer has been in a position which enables him to testify to the public spirit and suppression of club partisanship which has characterised the service of former secretaries and their committees. It is hoped that this fine tradition will be perpetuated. In a body representative of different branches of sport it is only natural, and to a point commendable, that a captain should think and act with the interests of his own club in view. But the claims of the Union as a whole come first—*non sibi sed cunctis*. In the first flush of enthusiasm there will be demands for wider scope, involving greater expenditure, on the part of clubs already established. There will also be demands for the creation of new clubs. Students must, however, remember that the present numbers in college make it impossible to find cash and personnel for every novel enthusiasm that may arise. The fresher who is accounted in his home-town a plus-four man in dart-throwing or ludo, must be persuaded that the number of college clubs is strictly limited by the material in men and money at our disposal.

Also, it is hoped that captains and secretaries will not be offended if they are reminded that their duties do not begin and end with putting in the field—a team. The

influence of professionalised and spectacular athletics outside, is often subtly malign within a college. One is too prone to talk of upholding the honour and reputation of the college, while meaning by this nothing more than the maintenance of a standing army of specialised athletics who compete as teams against the chosen of other colleges; while to the vast majority of the students is reserved the rôle of touchline fan. There are doubtless many things we can borrow with profit from America, but the institution of a corps of "rooters" is not one of them. Admittedly first class teams are wanted which will do the college credit in inter-varsity contests; but captains are herewith requested to organise scratch games for the ordinary student in search of corpus sanum wherein to house that mens sana which he undoubtedly possesses if he turns up at Swaythling at all.

Last, but most important of all, is the goodwill, interest, and co-operation of the general student-body. They are the Athletic Union; and their help and criticism and active participation, even as rabbits, in games is urgently needed. If the student body as a whole is apathetic, the ruling power must devolve upon the committee of specialists. This would be to throw away a privilege hardly won, to exchange autocracy for oligarchy is no great gain. And there is no honours course in true sportsmanship.

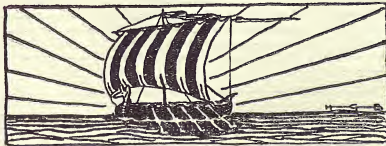
G.D.



FRAGMENT.

MY heart sinks down when I behold
 The college photograph;
 They would not take it in the sun,
 And ere the beastly thing was done
 In pouring rain I caught a cold,
 O let me laugh!
 I saw old Mills and Otto run:
 But I could wish my face to be
 Not taken twice but more like me.

BABY.



THE MAKERS OF HISTORY.*

IT was not until the second half of the twentieth century that human affairs in general began to pass into the conscious control of groups of men and women, and it is only with the first quarter of the twenty-first century that the various, more or less imperfect, controls became co-ordinated. There had been much talk of mankind's planning a new world, of a deliberate development of forces and opportunities, before 1950, particularly during and after the European War. People spoke of "making history"; in fact, the catch phrase of 1914-18. In fact, they did nothing but let history "make" itself; their unco-ordinated activities, their confused struggles, very largely cancelled out, and the trend of events was determined by forces certainly not of men's making, and to no great degree under their control.

The natural progression of human affairs, however, brought about by 1950 conditions under which various groups of people in Europe and America and China found themselves forced to take definite measures for the control of the future. The three Great Wars that had occurred in rapid succession in the decade 1939-48 had resulted in an enormous increase of international indebtedness. By the end of the war in the Air, the entire population of Europe was indebted to the various American powers to an unprecedented extent. The War of Poison Gas, that was waged between the Pan-European and Pan-American Federations largely in order to determine the rate of interest that should be paid on the debt, resulted in the mortgaging of most of Europe and the United States to China, which, having at last succeeded in winding up its eleven competitive Nationalist Governments and pensioning off its thirty-eight Supreme War Lords, was at that time the wealthiest power in the world. The War of the Beta Rays, in which modern physics was for the first time applied to warfare on a large scale, was effectual in nothing but obliterating the capital cities of the Old World, and in trebling the burden of the belligerents' debt (largely held by the negro capitalists of West and Central Africa). It was calculated by Dr. M. G. Page, the leading statistician of the time, that the white and yellow races bore a per capita burden of debt equal to the value of eighty-eight years' output, at the contemporary level of productivity. There might have been another war to settle the debt question, had not the only effective Beta Ray projectors been in the hands of the negroes. As it was, nothing troubled the convalescence of the nations, but a sharp, brief naval campaign between Japan and the United States over the interpretation of a clause in a Peace Note issued by the latter.

The outcome of the position was a conference of the world's bankers and finance ministers in order to deal with the colossal international debt, and to provide for its service. The World Finance Conference at Bournemouth in 1951 laid the foundations of the World Credit Control Council (generally called the "C.C.C."), the first step towards the new age. It incidentally reduced the real burden of the debt to the negroes to one hundredth of its original amount, a thing the African representatives—whose training in currency theory had been inadequate—completely failed to realise. From that date, however, monetary history was definitely made by the C.C.C., and the era of price changes was over.

It was not long before other branches of human activity passed into world control organisations. Newspapers had gone a long way on the road before the War of Poison Gas—in which, of course, the daily Press had played an appropriately important part. Labour had followed suit, in the amalgamation into international Unions that by 1945 had already gone so far that Mr. Tom James, M.P., could declare that if a plumber in Pekin

*Chapter XXI of a Modern History of the Twenty-first Century.

failed to send back his mate for his tools, the repercussions would be felt in Wigan and in Winnipeg.* The world's principal industries were similarly cosmopolitan. Everything tended obviously to a single control of human affairs. It came.

(2)

It now appears to be nearly certain that the initiative in forming the World Directorate came from the newspaper men. At the opening of the twenty-first century, the entire literature of the world, periodicals and books alike, was in the hands of the Tellurian Publishing Co., Ltd., the directorate of which consisted of P. Y. Chang, I. Bielsky, and T. B. D. Butters, who was an amateur psychologist of some note. It was Butters who invented the phrase: "Let me make up the middle page of a nation's newspapers, and I care not who makes their laws." It was the newspaper group who made the only effective laws, in fact, as the Couperin incident proved. Louis Couperin was supposed to be a Frenchman who was killed while motoring in Tibet, owing to the badness of the local roads. He was killed so completely, in fact, that no trace of him, and only the horn of his car could be found. The Tellurian people's dailies took up the affair, and scared the Asiatic government very effectively. The "Motorists in Tibet (Protection) Bill" was rushed through the Peking Assembly, and large quantities of land (which happened to be owned by an Anglo-Indian land company whose shares were held entirely by Chang and Butters) were bought by the Government at a very handsome price, in order to allow of the widening and extending of the motor ways. It was afterwards discovered that no such person as Couperin has ever existed, and that the horn stated to be part of his wrecked car had been dropped by an aeroplane belonging to the Tellurian Publishing Co., Ltd. However, by that time the new Kashmir-Bothera bypass across the Hindu Kush had been built, and was much appreciated by tourists.

The imagination and skill that were displayed in the small daily business of the Tellurian press, such as the Couperin affair, naturally sought a wider field. According to Bielsky's account,² he first suggested the formation of a triumvirate, so to speak, of the newspaper, financial and cinema groups. But the wider vision of Pin Ying Chang prevailed. He said that nothing would do but a complete fusion of all the world controls into a single body that should direct the whole course of human existence. It would be the world-employer, the world-instructor, the world-entertainer, in a word, the world-governor, "for what," as Chang observed, in the historic discussion at Delhi, "does the average man want more than to be paid a respectable wage, to be taught the right things to do and to say, and to eat and to drink, and to be amused?" His great conception, taken up and expounded with enthusiasm by Butters, won over the steel people, the transport people, and the cinema people; and the rest was easy. In his Minute of September 21st, 2012, to Erasmus N'gama, the great Zulu theatre magnate, Butters says: "The day is won. The others will pay the people—you keep 'em amused. We'll tell the world what's happening—or at least, as much as it ought to know about what's happening," and later, he explains his idea of the function of the "world-instructor." "What men believe to be the case, is the case—for them. Their experience is determined by their perceptions, and those by their preconceptions. They will see and hear what they believe, and therefore they will believe only what they see and hear. *That* is the scientific method, and the modern mind is essentially scientific."³

The World Directorate, in such able hands, could not fail to come to success. It first met on April 10th, 2015, and began the making of history. "Henceforth," said Butters, on that occasion, "things will happen for one reason only—because we want them to happen." The two thousand millions of people whose lives thus became

² No case of such failure was ever recorded.

² The Foundation of Modern Civilisation: a personal record.

³ Life and Letters of T. B. D. Butters, by his wife.

determined by the work of eighteen men⁴ offered no comment on this assertion. Indeed, as they had not been told of it, they were quite unaware that the world's affairs had passed into one control. It was divulged later, in stages. Over three years, the World-Directorate prepared the public mind for the information. Despite Butters' illness during 2017, it was well done. It culminated, as everyone knows, in the demand for a World Control from all the civilised peoples, a demand that became frenzied and incessant in Europe and the United States. With an effect of reluctance, of dubiety, the members of the World Directorate held conferences to discuss whether they should set up the organisation that in fact had been in operation for a respectable period. Amid an enormous spontaneous outburst of democratic enthusiasm, they decided that they would. It was understood that this was solely owing to the pressure of public opinion.

(3)

To give a detailed account of life under the World Directorate is not the purpose of this history. An analysis of the situation will be found later, in the Appendix. We are concerned, however, with explaining why it did not last. What was the cause of the complete collapse of the world's interest in the world's affairs? Why did people cease to read Butters' newspapers, so that the circulation of his great dailies dropped from tens of millions to nil? Why did they no longer flock to Erasmus N'gama's exceedingly expressive revues and still more expensive films? Why was it that nothing that the World Directorate could do eventually produced any result whatever? The answer to these questions is to-day perfectly clear. Mankind became bored. . . .



THE OXFORD CONGRESS.

(Editor's Note: The nine West Saxons who attended the N.U.S. Congress at Oxford during the Easter vacation were invited to describe their impressions of the N.U.S., Oxford, and the Congress. Eight apparently have no impressions, which, considering those of the one articulate member of the party, is perhaps just as well.)

To an Editor asking for verses on my recollections of the N.U.S. Congress

ALAS! My Muse is dead and cannot sing,
My recollections all deceased lie,
Slain by the fever of exam's wild madness,
Foredoomed by certain ancient tongues to die!

Thus, like the stage when some old tragic story
Has run it's course, my mind's high piled with death;
Unburied corpses, lately living figures,
Must be borne out: an epitaph's my breath!

"Here lies—and here must lie for all thy asking—
Dreams of wet days, grey walls and beauty old,
Young voices gay with laughter, and long talking
Of life, of much, of nothing; all untold."

⁴ The representatives of the newspaper, cinema, transport, power and banking groups.

TE DEUM.

I AM H. H. O. Walters of the T.D. Class. I am enjoying life immensely. I have just arrived at school with my "lesson" number I for III a (ages 12 plus) on algebra, a lesson on which I have meditated for the past three months. I am to be examined by my professor and tutor. My class has been already warned with regard to to-day's "trial," the form-master has insisted that they shall behave themselves with me, that they shall pay keen attention and, for all I know, that they shall come with clean feet; but in spite of this I am listening in the Hall to the Head's solemn announcement, that two University Professors are to be the school's guests this day and I am wearied by his programme for rearrangement of behaviour and procedure to which he is calling our attention. I am about to recite my prayers for the dead, and egotistically, I am remembering also the dead-to-be. This I have by now done, and I am packing up my things in the Staff Room. Remember, that I am a



"Our own mathematical state is none too easy"

mass of diagrams, rules, drawing pins, exercise papers, black gabardine (round the feet), chalk and chalk dust, black board compasses, T-squares, paste, red and blue paper brushes, etc., etc., and that I am endeavouring to get an armful of "lesson" into room 8 which is along the corridor. At this moment I am unloading on the master's table in the said room 8; the room is full of boys and girls breathlessly silent, the form-master has entered and is perambulating forwards and backwards, along and passed and back again in front of the windows on the look-out for the Examiners' car which has not yet arrived. I am beginning to "LESSON" my class who are watching my antics and performances as though I were a clown in a circus-ring. I am not particular as to who hears my lesson but I am very keen to amuse my little crowd of 30 young adolescents. I am talking real mathematics and am doing my utmost to ram home my points as modern psychology would have us. My black-board is filled with:

+ 10

Joan Smith

-10

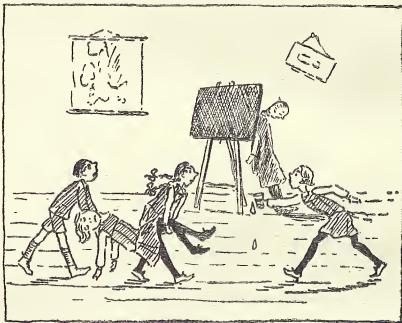
John Smith

and we are thoroughly amusing ourselves exposing the fallacies of the traditional operations of "CHANGING SIGNS," as though Joan *could* become John. No, we are saying +10 and —10 are distinct symbols for distinct things. Now we have Jack and Joan on some stairs leading upstairs and towards the basement, Jack has dashed 7 up, but dropping something has now to return 4 steps, so eventually we see him 3 up *i.e.* $(+7) + (-4) = +3$, and then now it is Joan's turn, and she is performing equally satisfactorily. But just now we have lost ourselves, we've lost count, can't find our bearings. Jack is 7 up, doesn't know however he came there, Joan swears she saw him go down there, and we straightway accuse Jack of having gone 10 up while we were not looking

$(+7) - (-3) = +10$, and so we went on.

We are all by this time breathless for good reasons, we have been thoroughly enjoying ourselves—when lo and behold the form-master dashes out of the form-room, yes, he has seen them! Whatever is going to happen? A minute has passed, we all of us have been thinking different things, and all of us feel the room a little stuffy and our brows trickling with perspiration; our hearts thump and we give periodic gulps in our throats. A large rotund gentleman with white hair, sallow germanic face, metal-rimmed goggles, and a tiny, trotting fellow with bald pate and complexion to match are to be seen through the window of the door passing down the corridor. Our attention is again attracted when they return past the door with the Head this time, and now they are drowning my voice and doing to death the patience of my "12 pluses" by throttling a machine outside our bewitched class-room windows; of course, heaven help us, cars must be parked. I now am acting altruistically the part of shepherd to the flock; I humour my little children as a mother her children when intruders are feared. What a cruel mental psychosis is the instinct of fear in 30+1 minds. And our own mathematical state is none too easy. We fear that if we set Jack to do three and a half steps he may slip, while we are quite certain Joan would be useless for the event, yet dare we dismiss our agile performers so harshly. So we hit upon the idea of sending them up and down the road and off we go "plain sailing." Pluses and minuses are losing their supernaturalism, but not so that blessed door. Our nerves are tense, but a final tug is given as the door flies open. Bang! is not the end now near? but I am reassured and the door knob rebounds off the plaster wall. Anxiety. The visitors are being introduced. There is a rush for seats. The sceptic appearance of the gentleman with white hair is increased tenfold, as a piece of infant school furniture is offered him, we have again but to regard his ample dimensions.. As he sallies to the far left-hand corner we are greatly relieved to find him with wall on two sides and the third conveniently near to Beatrice, a very pretty little girl who answers a lot of our questions. The little gentleman with a dapper gait and pale complexion is more satisfied with his chair which he is carrying to the opposite corner on the right, but he is just going to sit down. Oh, my wireless! interference! buzz-buzz-buzz! he's next to Lady Phyllis just becoming self-conscious; oh! poor Phyllis, excitable, erratic, confused, what luck; dear Professor careful Joey! For the next fifteen minutes we are imagining products of directed numbers, areas and rectangles, arrows without bows nor Cupid, clocks and anti-clocks, reds and blue and reds "washing out" blues, and litmus papers, and accumulator terminals and positives and negatives showering like confetti over the lot. During the short two minutes' interval which we merit, I suffer the amazing revelation of a "diagonal-questioning-complex," which I am informed by my learned examiner is the diagnosis of my teaching-in-action according to behaviouristic principles of character type spotting. But the curtain is raising again and scene two is a positive orgy dazzling reds and blues fantastically arranged, the professors recede again to their boxes to undergo their algebra lesson. We are all at work with pencil and papers and T-squares and rulers, we are drawing squares and oblongs, and cutting our reds and blues, and

blackening-in formulae upon formulae like a^2-b^2 —etc., with infinite confidence, and the station of self-assertion. We are learning, *i.e.*, we are preparing, assimilating, understanding and applying. A modified experiment in bill-posting, with paint-brush and glue and blotting paper, is now in process and futuristic or cubist (I know not which) designs are rising into proud and resplendent being. The school bell clangs out, "Maths. for IIIa is done for to-day." Oh, what a time-of-one's-life it has been. Who will forget it? I rush for my record book. Some have distinction "innate," some Coué it, some have it knocked into them, to others it generously adheres. I am deciphering the professor's writing; he, too, had experienced an hypnotic ecstasy for 20 minutes (it's all right, he's gone out of the room). I hold my faith in Planchette. IIIa clap their hands joyously at our success. Phyllis is rescued from the anguish of the intercourse with a proximity to Great Mind, I love that whole form. They were great, they were magnificent.



" Phyllis is rescued . . . "

Come with me, reader, to Coll. on the morrow! Someone has slept a restless night, an engram obstructed has at last "ecphored," listen to our psycho-analyst, be serious while our other examiner speaks his measured words. For he ascending the stairway six-at-a-time is none other than our white-haired, rotund teutonic professor of psychology. Watch attentively his reaction on recognising me; note his real self, his essential ego issuing into the concrete through his "behavior." Note the mechanistic determined form, and precision of his responses; remark that he can no more contain himself than a bell its sound when it is rung, nor a dog its whelps when it is lashed. Note the Inner Light phosphorescing in his gelatinous and primitive eye; the curl of his upper lip, the exposure of his fearful teeth and the bristling of his protective main, namely his white hair. Observe a pugnacious dogmatism about his statements

and translate this in terms of a gorgeously palpitating "self-regarding sentiment." Listen as he speaks in thundering tones, this Deamon of the Earth——

"Mr. Havelock Walters, Mr. Walters."

"Here I am, sir. Sir, here I am."

"Middle of your class, Walters—right in the middle, look ! just here—dark haired—very dark—pale face, ghastly pale—female, little girl—pertuberant eyes, glaring—gaping mouth, wide open—dropped chin, hanging—receding forward, ape-like——. Listen, Mr. Walters—very clever or may be very stupid—I say *that* throat, in that throat, Mr. Walters—oh, Mr. Walters, Glands, I say glands, glands. Glands, my dear Mr. Walters. Endocrine !!!"

"H. H. O. WALTERS."



LOYALTY.

U.C.S.

is a beastly mess :
there's nothing as hec-
tic as life in refec,
mopping up coffee,
mopping up tea,
sitting and dozing
bored as can be.

Another habit

I deplore
is living in
the corridor.
The library
is quite as bad :
one falls asleep
or else runs mad ;
and lectures, too
are like cocaine—
you hate the stuff
and come again.
The common rooms
are mouldy too.
So there's nowhere to go
and nothing to do.

Oh ! U.C.S.

is a beastly mess.
I admit, I deplore,
that I've said this before :
and I *will* conclude on a note sublime :

The Union Buildings are simply FINE !

RYVITA.

THE BOXES.

A *DARK* cave in tropical Africa. On the sandy floor is seated an old man with a long white beard reaching down over the rough dark cloak which covers his shoulders. His lower garment is long and is draped around him. His feet are bare except for sandals. A fire is burning on the floor and near it are three plain boxes of dark wood. A young man enters. He is dressed in white drill coat and breeches, surmounted by a pith sun-helmet. Rain drips from him.

The Youth : Damn the weather. We English think that we have the worst climate in the world yet we never have rain like this. (*He sees the old man.*) Hullo, I had no idea that this cave was inhabited. Good evening, sir, can you direct me to the nearest patch of fine weather?

The Old Man : Ever since the world began men have grumbled at the weather. You are no exception to the rule. When it rains they say it is too wet, when the sun shines they grumble at the heat, they are never satisfied—never. The sun comes up from the east and goes on his diurnal round, the moon waxes and wanes through her cycle, the seasons come and go, life moves on through its endless course, yet the cry of human complaint does not diminish.

The Youth : Old man, you seem versed in such matters. I must confess that I am no philosopher, I curse the weather daily ; are you never dissatisfied with it ?

The Old Man : The rain comes and goes, the sun shines for a few hours and then is hidden by the clouds, but the voice of discontent makes not one jot of difference. Can all the human curses turn one raindrop from its course or still the mighty voice of the thunder ?

The Youth : I should hardly think so, though some pray for rain. I have had some experience of *that*. Last summer in England there was a drought. The grass was parched to a withered brown, the leaves fell from the trees, the wells dried up, the whole land was scorched. For three months it lasted, then prayers for rain were started ; and the vicar of our village prayed louder and longer than anyone else. He prayed almost continuously for a week—nothing happened. Three days later the drought ended in a terrific thunderstorm. The river overflowed its banks and the flood water swept down upon the vicar's garden, washed away his crops and sheds and drowned his fowls. (*With a laugh*) I don't think he'll pray for rain again in a hurry.

The Old Man : Of such thing I know nothing and care less. Let it suffice that nothing that man can say can alter the course of Nature by one iota. That I know, I who have seen much and heard still more.

The Youth : By gum ! You are a one-er. You must be frightfully old.

The Old Man : I am so old that I have lost count of my years. I have watched humanity grow up from its infancy and now, with its prize almost in its grasp, it seems to turn away from its high destiny. The old civilisations of the east lie in ruins, those of the far west are buried in the dust of ages, and soon the world-wide civilisation, that is of the east and the west, the north and the south, will join them in decay. What then ? I know not, I must wait and see. My faith wavers, yet I still hope on—

The Youth : Lost count of your years. Is your name Methuselah by any chance ?

The Old Man : I know not he of whom you speak.

The Youth : Oh ! Then who are you, and what are you doing here, sitting alone in this cave and watching the human race ?

The Old Man : I remain here to think and to guard the secrets. What my ultimate part in the comedy of humanity will be I do not know, but I believe that all will be revealed in the course of time.

The Youth : Secrets, eh? That's decidedly interesting, has no one ever tried to rob you?

The Old Man : Some have tried, thinking that the secrets were gold or precious stones—they died.

The Youth : Ugh! That's certainly a very effective method of dealing with secret-hunters. I don't think that I'll try and steal anything. I have no wish to die just yet.

The Old Man : There is no need to steal. One of the secrets will be revealed to you before you leave this cave, but you must choose which one.

The Youth : Thank you. I am most excited over this. Do you reveal one of the secrets to every caller?

The Old Man : Not to every one. Only to those who seem sincere and capable of thought. Yes, only to those who think are they revealed.

The Youth : I suppose that I mustn't take that as a compliment, but how do you know that I am a thinker?

The Old Man : I have sat in this cave for centuries, communing with myself, striving to find out the ultimate reality of things; so I have grown in wisdom and depth of understanding, until the minds of men are open books to me. Already I know why you left your own country to travel in strange lands, among strange people and strange sights.

The Youth : You know *that*! Is there anything that you do not know?

The Old Man : Yes, the little that I do know is but one tiny drop in the vast ocean of the Unknown, even as the earth itself is but one minute planet among a thousand constellations.

The Youth : Then what is the purpose of life?

The Old Man : That is a momentous question, and I do not know its answer, but I believe that when the time of my revelation draws near, that, too, will be made known to me. Meanwhile, I can only sit and think and watch the shadows on the wall, shadows which flicker and fade, as unreal as the greatest shadow of all—life itself.

The Youth : Life—a shadow—nothing more— Then what of the secrets, where are they? *What* are they?

The Old Man : They are here, in these boxes.

The Youth : In those boxes? They look like common wooden boxes, except that they are black and polished. What are they made of?

The Old Man : Ebony, just plain, uncarved ebony, and yet they contain that for which many men would give fabulous treasures—knowledge! Yet the secrets cannot be bought, not for all the wealth in the world. Come, I will tell you what they contain and then you must take your choice. Choose quickly. Listen! (*A deep rumbling is heard, which swells to a roar, continuous for about ten or twelve seconds, and then dies away.*)

The Youth : What is that?

The Old Man : Deep in the heart of this mountain burns the primeval fire. The noise that you have heard is the roaring of the flame. Once every ten minutes it burns thus and then dies down. So it goes on, day by day, year by year, century by century, with unfailing regularity.

The Youth : A natural clock, by Jove!

The Old Man : The god by whom you swear has been dead for many, many years. Men worship him no longer, his temples lie in ruins, the grass runs riot over his altars, his images lie buried beneath the dust of centuries—but that is the fate of all gods in their turn. Isis, Osiris, all the gods of Egypt, where are they? Aphrodite, Apollo, all the gods of Greece, where are they? Dead, all dead, the gods are no more

immortal than the men who worship them. But let us talk no more of gods. Before the flame once more arises in wrath you must choose which box you wish to open.

The Youth : What do they contain ?

The Old Man : The first box, the one on your left, contains the Secret of Success in Life ; the second, the centre box, contains the Secret of Success in Love ; the third and last box, on your right, contains the Secret of Life after Death.

The Youth : The Secret of Success in Life. I will choose that one. I am still young and have the world before me. With that secret I could rise to fame. Yes, I will have that box.

The Old Man : Stay ! Consider awhile ; have the others nothing to offer ?

The Youth : What else is there ? What can be greater than that success ? What nobler than the knowledge that one has made the best of one's short life, what greater content than that of duty well done ?

The Old Man : Listen, my friend ; I, too, was young once. I, too, thought that if I could make the world bow down at my feet I should have accomplished my task. Yet I am here in this cave, alone, without even a friend to converse with me, but I am supremely happy, because this is the destiny to which I was born, the other merely a delusion that I conquered.

In the golden days of Egypt a man journeyed to Memphis taking with him many treasurers and sacrifices. These he laid on the altar of the temple of Isis, and prayed that she would reveal to him this secret. For two months he remained at Memphis, praying in the temple and communing with himself in the solitude of the desert. Then he departed, rejoicing greatly, and in the fullness of time became ruler of a great country ; yet with all his success he was miserable. He lived alone, jealous of everyone. He prepared his own food lest some crafty slave should poison him, he would not walk in the grounds of his palace for fear that he should be assassinated. So he lived until one day the Princess Royal of Egypt came to his palace and craved audience of him on a matter of state. The moment his eyes fell on her he desired her for his queen, but she, haughty and proud, would have none of him, and departed hastily. He, mad with grief and disappointment, fell on his sword and died.

The Youth : Mad with disappointment, he fell on his sword. So that is how the secret helped him. I don't think that I'll choose that after all.

The Old Man : There are the others, the Secret of Success in Love and the Secret of Life after Death.

The Youth : The Secret of the Success in Love. (*Excitedly.*) Yes, how could I have forgotten—I will have that, let me open it at once !

The Old Man : You are rather impetuous, my friend ; you chose the other without considering these two. Think again.

The Youth : Why do you seek to turn me from this ? You said that you knew why I came here, is that not a sufficient reason why I should choose this secret ? Why should I still labour under the burden of my curse when this box holds the key to life-happiness ? I have tried to forget her, but I cannot. Night after night I lie in my tent, unable to sleep, listening to the noises of the tropical darkness. The stars, bright and twinkling, seem to look down on me even as *she* looked down on me, with a look of infinite scorn and mockery. She haunts my life, I fled here to escape her, and her memory pursues me. The rustling of the night-wind in the leaves seems to whisper her name in my ears, the hush of twilight seems filled with her presence, I hear her voice in the streams, in the roaring of the camp-fire, everywhere. I loved her, I love her still, even though she rejected my love and scorned my companionship. Give me this secret, that I may return to her, hold her once again in my arms and hear her dear voice whispering in my ear : " I love you, it was all a mistake, I have always loved

you." Yes, this is my choice, here I bury all my unhappiness. (*He stretches his hand towards the box.*)

The Old Man : Stop ! Do not touch it, the time is not yet ripe. Let me tell you a story.

The Youth : Another ?

The Old Man : Yes, another. A story of three thousand years ago. Life may change, but Love is always the same, it is the same now as it was then, the same in England as it was in Assyria. A certain youth of that country like you wished to learn that secret ; he had been disappointed many times, but life was kind to him in the end. In some way, I know not how, the thing that he longed to discover was revealed to him. He found love ; he loved a beautiful maiden of his own class and she loved him, happiness seemed to be his at last. Great preparations had been made for their nuptial ceremony, feasts and sports were arranged. On the eve of his wedding day he retired to rest the happiest man in the country. (*He pauses and shakes his head.*)

The Youth (eagerly) : Well ?

The Old Man (solemnly) : They found him in his bed next morning—dead.

The Youth : How awful ! How did he die ?

The Old Man : Who can tell ? The dead say nothing. They found him dead, and none knew how he had died.

The Youth : Then what *must* I choose ?

The Old Man : There is still the third box. The Secret of Life after Death.

The Youth : What if I choose that ?

The Old Man : That is for you to decide. So far only one has succeeded in discovering that secret. He was an Alchemist who lived in what you call the Dark Ages. Among his crucibles and retorts, seeking to discover the Secret of Eternal Life on Earth he stumbled, not on the secret he desired, but on the secret of this box. He never revealed it, for he became a gibbering madman, incapable of coherent thought or speech.

The Youth (the horror of the situation beginning to dawn on him) : Worse and worse ! This is some devil's game. Must I then choose none ?

The Old Man : In some cases, there are secrets which it is better to leave unrevealed. Whether you consider these secrets to be of that class is left to your own discretion, yet I think that unless the courage of man has declined to vanishing point you will choose one of those boxes before you leave. Consider the matter carefully, time is very short, the flame will soon arise once more and before it dies away your decision must be made or it will be too late.

The Youth : Old man, courage is not yet dead, I *will* choose one of those boxes. The Secret of Success in Life, let me think—even success does not bring happiness, often the most successful are the most miserable. Love, yet he who chooses that may have the cup snatched from him before he has time to taste the liquor. Death, the reality of that knowledge may drive man to madness, yet everyone, man and woman, when life is over and love is past, comes in the end to face that grim spectre, the King of Terrors. Yet is it worth while having that knowledge ? It may be so terrible that it does not bear contemplation, in which case it is better left alone. Life, love and death ; for the sake of the Credit of Humanity I must choose one, yet which ? I am perplexed.

The Old Man : There is no need to choose if your heart is too faint, there is still time to repent if the burden is too strong for you.

The Youth : No, I will *not* repent, I will choose. It is a woman's privilege to change her mind, a man's to keep his word.

(*The flame begins to rumble in the depths of the mountain.*)

The Old Man : There is the flame Choose now which you desire, before it is too late!

(The flame rises to a roar.)

The Youth *(raising his voice in agitation above the tumult)* : Love—Life—Death, which of these three? I choose—I choose—the Secret—of—Life after Death!

The Old Man : Pick up the box *(indicating it)* and open it.

The Youth *(picking up the box very carefully)* : Give me the key.

The Old Man : There is no key and no catch. Open it.

Very, very slowly the youth raises the lid and looks inside the box. When he sees the contents he drops it to the floor of the cave with a crash.

The Youth : You fool! You have tricked me! The box is empty!

The Old Man *(very slowly and quietly)* : The box is empty. Yes, my friend, the box is empty. All the boxes are empty.

MARA.

(Permission to perform this play may be obtained from the Author, c/o The Editor, the West Saxon.)



THE OLD HARTLEY.

Some time we had a soul and left it here
In this old building's musty dignity;
And in exchange we have blue corridors
Suburban bright—modern vulgarity.

Upon the same
Ornate, inelegant, you are
symbolic of Victoria,
yet your involved elaborate plan
intrigues the Neo-Georgian

who scents romance (which she adores)
about your musty corridors
and ancient legends, ghosts that crawl,
in creaking floor and crumbling wall.

"And why—" she demands—"did it fall to this wreck?"

"Because—" the ghosts answer—"it had no Refec!"

RYVITA.



THE COLLEGE SURVEYING CAMP, March. 1928.

(From a diary.)

Monday, 26th. The camp was pitched—at the top of a mountain, at the head of a valley, beautiful indeed, but calculated to attract and (or) intercept about nine-tenths of all rain falling in Hampshire.

Prairie life is very exciting. Had a foretaste on the way out; being chased by a herd of stampeding forest ponies, at Netley Marsh, held up by a flock of pigs at Cadnam, and sniffed at by a pack of hounds at Stony Cross.

7.10 p.m. Gorse-clearing operations got out of hand temporarily.

7.11 Looked out of tent and saw prairie fire bearing down from the S.S.W. Hastily removed tent.

7.12 Fire extinguished. Re-erected tent.

8.0—Ravering campers watch preparation of supper. Mr. Mann demonstrates his patent temperature regulator for boiling soup (?). When the fire becomes too hot, the soup (?) boils over and reduces flames. As flames recover, the soup (?) boils up again until process is repeated. This cycle is repeated until (a) all the soup (?) boils away, or (b) the fire is completely extinguished, or (c) the soup (?) is served. In our case (c) occurred. Finding the soup (?) a trifle thin, the cook thickened it by adding one silver spoon.

Mr. Iliffe changed for supper.

Tuesday, 27th. Found bathing at the crystal spring a somewhat trying affair. Preparation of breakfast revealed that the spoon used for thickening last night's soup (?) was not found when the kettle was emptied. It is concluded that the spoon was either (a) dissolved by the soup (?), or (b) has been swallowed. Frampton is looking a little pale. 8.0 a.m. It raineth.

11.0 Rain ceaseth. Four Amazons arrive, wet—very wet. For the rest of the day ye raiment drieth around ye camp fire.

In the afternoon a little gentle surveying is done. Ye Amazons depart. Discovery of the silver spoon in ye spring maketh it clear that Frampton's paleness is due to some other cause—probably standing over long in lee of ye camp fire.

A very cold night. A little warmth is caused by one member discovering ye writer in the act of taking his medicine and declaring that he is drinking beer.

Wednesday, 28th. The engineers went forth and wielded the theodolite mightily. The geographers admired them from a discreet and comfortable distance. One new member (lady) arrived, complete with sheets, mirror, bedroom slippers, etc. Unfortunately she left her snake-bite outfit at home. Hearing of these things, ye Lord of ye Manor causeth ye campers to shift.

6 to 8 p.m. Further humanisation of the landscape caused by shifting, or moving, or changing, id est altering part of camp to new site half a mile away.

A lovely night and a good camp fire.

Thursday, 29th. It raineth right early.

8.30 a.m. Resolved by male section of camp to stop in bed until the rain stops.

8.35 She of the sheets, mirror, bedroom slippers, etc., and another arrive and bleat for breakfast. No notice taken.

8.36 The hungry ones proceed thrice round tent, wailing incantations anent breakfast. Finally they retire to a sheltered spot while several strong, but not altogether silent men light a fire with wet wood and prepare a succulent breakfast. The other Amazons are stopping in bed.

10.15 Our last lingering trust in womankind is shattered by the arrival of the rest of the party. They silently devour the crumbs left by their more fortunate but perhaps hungrier sisters.

The day starts. The engineers discuss dynamic similarity and why dogs wag their tails. It is evidently *very* wet. One goeth to ye village, returning very wet but bearing food and drink, and observing that if a dog gets a bad name he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

Evening. It raineth yet. After supper the party divides into two study semi-circles (It *must* be wet). One party discusses the future life and comes to the conclusion that the higher the fewer. The other investigates the aims of Modern Geography and finds that the answer is a lemon.

11.0 p.m. Still raining, but we care not. The women have eaten a double-sized supper in case they get no breakfast on the morrow.

Friday, 30th. A fine morning. All hands are astir early, eager for the fray. A strenuous day is spent, chaining, contouring, resecting, and what-not. Mr. Minchin managed to reseat the seat of his only trousers. Mr. Greenly obliged with a needle and a length of string. Unfortunately he sewed the trousers on to the paper padding which the patient had inserted in case of a slip. Earlier in the day Minchin had fallen into a bog. He declared that a stratum of gravel, which he fortunately encountered, alone saved him from reaching the adjectival Antipodes.

Two new (male) members arrived, eager to taste the delights of spring rain in the New Forest. They turned-in very early in their two-seater 'bivvy' tent. Nothing but laughter came from their tent from 8 p.m. till midnight. It is assumed that the cause of their mirth was the quaint shadows, made by the moonlight, of the tyre patches which adorn the outside of their tent.

A little harmony before bed-time.

Mr. Daniel states, *on good authority*, that the War started in 1914.

Saturday, 31st. It rains like anything, in the night, and continues all the forenoon. Nevertheless, Mann and Superman prepare a lovely breakfast. Taught by Thursday's experience, the women stop in bed and so lose a meal (for which they hope they won't be charged). However, the two Hungry Ones turn out, one of them in time for breakfast. The other (she of the sheets, mirror, bedroom slippers, etc.) finds herself too late for breakfast and takes the first boat home in disgust.

The day begins. Two male members leave.

Mr. Sebborn's legs are a bit of a nuisance on wet days. They get all over the tent. The worst of it is, he is always, always there.

The two new members have a curious way of passing the time when it is wet. They quietly undress and then dress again, repeating the process ad nauseam (or, presumably, until their clothes wear out).

1.0 p.m. The rest of the women arrive, and on hearing that they have missed one perfectly good breakfast, gnash their teeth until lunch is prepared. It is not clear whether the gnashing is due to anger or hunger. At any rate we have it on good authority (as the prophet Daniel would say), that it is *not* a habit acquired through being reduced to cropping the grass round their tent. Be that as it may, our Amazons, to our intense d——t, now announce their intention of leaving us forthwith. A young river very rudely took its course through the middle of their tent last night; and, anyhow, what's the use of sitting round a tent all day listening to (a) the pattering of the rain, and /or/ (b) Superman's mouth-organ, and /or/ (c) the Tall One's tall stories about his racing experiences in his tall ship? (a), hearing this, stoppeth immediately (and not another drop of rain falls during our stay in camp); but not so (b) and (c). So, having partaken of a farewell

lunch of choice (tinned) salmon, specially fished from the puddle by the camp fire, the ladies leave us—excepting one young Amazon, who hovers till nightfall. (Hovering is a pastime invented by Superman.)

2.30 We set out on a trek survey to Pillmoor, returning across country so as to make a closed traverse of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. In spite of the necessarily rough nature of the observations, we find, on plotting the results, that we have accumulated a 'closing error' of only 20 yards. We wonder, with all humility, if we should have obtained this remarkable result if we had had the delightful, albeit conversational company of our Amazons. Without them we are so strong, so silent.

9.30 All hands (and 20 feet) for the first time turn-in together in one tent. There's not much room, so "when father says 'turn,' we all turn."

11.0 The Long One, having ended his lecture on his racing experiences in Freemantle Pond, the company took it in turns to tell stories. It is a regrettable fact that Mann and Superman feigned sleep when it came to their turn.

Sunday, April 1st. Turning out nice and late, all hands go forth together into the depths of the Forest. In the absence of the women we are becoming cave-men. Mr. Mann takes his bow and arrow, and the rest are variously armed with slings, catapults and knives. It being Sunday, all the wild animals seem to be taking a holiday. Wherefore, the only creatures we hit are our brethren. This is a playful way of reminding them of the date.

Several (male) enthusiasts visited us, and Mr. Heasell returned to camp with a cargo of sausage rolls and apple tart. We cook an extra ration of spuds and live like fighting cocks.

Monday, 2nd. Another fine day. After a little surveying and a lot of breakfast we proceed to strike camp. Mr. Greenly goes off early, intending to cycle to Folkestone. Upon hearing of the bear which is wandering hungrily about Sussex we hope that yesterday's hunting will stand him (Greenly) in good stead.

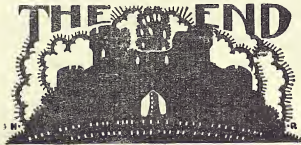
Superman starts the bathing season with a swim in a stream. Upon emerging he surprised three deer who had come for a drink. It is to be hoped that he will wear a bathing costume next time.

3.0 p.m. The lorry arrived and we finally decamped. In spite of some rain it has been a most enjoyable week, and our hearty thanks are due to Mr. Mann for his organisation and instruction.

It is extraordinary how one loses count of time in this prairie life. Perhaps that accounts for the surprising changes of tense which have crept into this account.

Aren't collars and ties uncomfortable!

E. R. B.



A VISION BY NIGHT.

(Written after a tinned supper).

IT was a warm day in June, one might even go farther and add that it was a very hot day in June. The sun shone down, as suns do on hot days, out of a cloudless sky. Its shimmering heat smote mercilessly upon the old grey walls, stained and time worn, upon the weather beaten timbers and upon the scarred roofing felt of the old College. In and out among the Cloisters, and from within the precincts of the Chapel,* hurried student after student, singly and in droves, but whatever the nature of the passing, upon each was a gown, a cap, a worried look, known technically as the "June Aspect."

Scattered about the grounds, and mingled with the ornamental statuary were the elect upon the staff. Attired in their gaily coloured robes of office, they seemed as they fitted from statue to statue (and vice versa) as tho' they were but countless numbers of those gorgeous butterflies that are such a feature of our English countryside.

To be brief, the conditions being as mentioned, even the mind of the semi-civilised Library habitué could not but conjecture that events of moment were very much in the wind, and truly so. Such was indeed the case. In the short space of but an hour HE was to arrive.

The atmosphere, already feverish with expectancy, grew even closer and more so. The sun itself seemed to draw nearer, mortar boards wilted and noses shone. For the fifth time, the Maunciple Handciple counted over the tea leaves and found the number the minimum necessary to equal the anticipated demand. For the tenth time the Chemistry Lab. made sure that each mixture really was ready to fizz. The Physics Lab. blew Bigger, Better and Brighter Bubbles. The Electrical Lab. squeezed two more volts out of the exaporation mains and made, if possible, more noise than ever about it.

The clock crept on!

The Maths. Department retrieved a few more lists of marks, lost since way back in '86, and laid them out with the other exhibits. Once more the Economics lovingly polished the key of their newest cash register—all was in readiness.

A breathless silence—and the clock struck, strike by strike. No one moved, at least no one save a gentleman in the Botany Block whose fingers had inadvertently become caught in a Woffle galvanometer. The suspense was awful. Tick! tick! went the clock. Tick! tick! went the five hundred and forty three watches in three hundred and twenty seven pockets and on two hundred and thirty two wrists, and tick! tick! echoed eight hundred and sixty seven pockets and wrists where there should have been watches, but weren't.

Minutes passed.

Hours passed.

Days passed. As on the previous occasion, the suspense was awful.

Then of a sudden, it seemed out of the very air itself, mystic screeds began to unfold themselves. Upon the Refector wall they appeared and upon the mantleshef of the Men's and Women's Common Rooms, and in other odd places where they had no Earthly business to be.

And lo! a mystic hand inscribed thereon and a wondering throng spelt out the fateful words.

And thus did they read:

"Owing to the fact that the Gentleman in Question has failed to deliver Form Te He XXX (Very Dry) by the date specified thereupon, the Bored of Civilisation regret that leave of absence cannot be thus extended prior to and from 5 p.m. G.M.T.

* Pronounced "Refec."

"Under these circumstances, the Bored have to announce, with still greater regret, that it will be impossible for the above Gentleman to attend to-day's Revels.

We, the Bored, say it, and—

We, the Bored, ARE IT.

(Signed)

P. Henn,

Dictator.

Reel III will follow almost immediately.

Baron de Clump.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

The Library,
University College,
Southampton.

June 1st, 1928.

The Editor the *West Saxon*.

Sir,

A college magazine such as the *West Saxon* can have few higher callings than that of being the vehicle of public indignation. I therefore make no apology for using it, with your compliance, sir, to make a public and spirited protest against the spirit of base ingratitude which I watch with foreboding becoming daily more prevalent among us.

In my enforced perambulations in the corridors, during my rare and hasty visits to the refectory, even while I sit, as not very infrequently, at the feet of my learned instructors, it is my continual misfortune to hear my fellow students not only deplore but disparage in terms of the strongest opprobrium, what is, as I hope to show, one of the greatest blessings we have lately received at the hands of our elders and betters.

I refer, sir, to the removal of the letter boards from the corridors into the common rooms. So obviously is this a thoughtful and timely step on the part of the college authorities, that it seems to me hardly necessary to point out its advantages; and I do so, sir, with every apology to your intellect, and in the reluctant belief that, unless my ears have played me false, there can be few people in college who share your possession.

Then let us consider the facts. The newly painted corridor presents to the eye a lovely stretch of refreshing colour from the one common room to the others. Are we to introduce the discordant note of two shabby, unsightly letter boards which, we understand, would be ruinously expensive to replace, were we even so minded? Are we to disfigure the architectural beauties of our academic buildings with receptacles for common parchment covered with every kind of ungraceful hieroglyphic? And are we to do this for the mere convenience of lazy youth, and in face of the incontestable fact that the students were made for these walls, and not these walls for the students?

But I hear it objected, sir, that the present position of the letter boards causes not only inconvenience but loss of time, inasmuch as students have to make otherwise unnecessary journeys to the Common Rooms, which are, as you are possibly aware, at some distance both from the doors of entry to the college and from the cloak rooms. I should like to refer those who raise these objections to a distinguished physician's recent remarks in the daily Press on the subject of more exercise for the modern man; and to point out that they may obtain such substantial benefit to their health from the effects of walking two or three times daily along the necessary length of corridor, as will quite outweigh any consideration of the loss of a few minutes' work.

I have further heard it objected that the present system interposes difficulty in the way of members of different sexes wishing to communicate with each other. I maintain, sir, that this is a contention which can have no possible weight. There are, as far as I can see, two classes of people who want to correspond: those who, by reason of some common society or work have quite legitimate business with each other, and those whose communications are, shall I say, of a softer and more delicate nature.

With regard to the first, it appears to me that there need be no difficulty whatever. While precedent and modesty certainly forbid the entry of a member of one sex into the common room of the other, surely any conscientious student, however busy, can linger in the corridor until he encounters a member of the opposite sex who can be trusted

to carry his letter carefully to the ladies' common room. From the individual's point of view, too, such a course might be a valuable corrective to the rush of modern life, by providing opportunities for quiet and meditation while waiting. As the poet says,

"What is this life, if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare?"

With regard to the second class of people, I consider that the college authorities have, by their action dealt an effective and well-deserved blow to their disgraceful carryings on. A student, sir, as a member of the college, should feel himself a public person. He has no right to private affairs however delightful. I am confident that those who have failed to realise their responsibilities in this matter will now be obliged to do so. Speaking quite without prejudice, as I have never, of course, indulged in a tender passion myself, I cannot, even by the exercise of all my ingenuity, imagine any way in which "fond and foolish people" can now deliver their *billets-doux*. The modesty of our modern manners will certainly forbid their loitering about corridors as a secretary may so safely do without fear of misapprehension. Love, sir, no longer laughs at locksmiths, but has the deepest respect for them.

These arguments, I submit, constitute incontrovertible proof that the recent alteration is a matter for appreciation and not for grumbling. And in conclusion I venture to hope that my remarks may stir up some of your readers to exercise this monster spirit of ingratitude, to lay, if I may be permitted the metaphor, this too familiar ghoul that haunts our dwellings.

I am, believe me, Sir,

Yours truly,

DAVID SLOWE.

University College,
June 2nd, 1928.

The Editor,

Sir,

I wish to make a public apology to all those landowners and gardeners whom I have long wronged in thought and word. I have, until recently, been under the impression that it was in a spirit of selfishness and vanity that they preserved their lawns with "Keep off the Grass" notices.

It is with sincere regret that I acknowledge my mistake. Only yesterday was it brought to my notice that plants are as sensitive as human beings, that lettuces cry out in agony when they are bitten, and that trampled and bleeding grass vainly fills the ether with its protests.

Would it not, sir, prevent much future understanding if the high-minded souls whom I have so unwittingly misjudged, would cease to hide their light under a bushel and band themselves together by adopting some such name as "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Grasses"?

I am, etc.,

"PECCAVI"



MONTEFIORE HALL.

IF motion is the criterion of life, a glance at our activities for the session should leave no doubt on the score of our being very much alive. Finding it impossible to work off our vitality adequately during the vac. we hailed with delight, and carried out with enthusiasm, the suggestion of one of our brighter spirits that we should anticipate Whitsun with a reunion tea-party of our own. The attempt was certainly a great success. Several of those who have gone down returned to see how we were bearing the mantles they had left us. They found us fairly cheerful, considering that our warden had inconsiderately chosen that week to be away travelling, and that, whereas five of our members had gone to Oxford to the N.U.S. Congress, only four were back to tell the tale. As for the other, she was left boating on the Isis . . . but that is another story.

The genuine Whitsun activities kept us not too busy to plan victimising the staff with a tea party on June 1st. Incidentally we had great difficulty in persuading our fellow conspirators in Russell Hall that all our ideas for it were right and theirs wrong. We succeeded eventually, of course, or, at any rate, we triumphantly asserted our feminine privilege of having the last word.

However, our guests generously submitted to our tea, conversation and music. We even flatter ourselves that some were not unwilling victims. Why else should Mr. Dudley find it hard to say the conventional "Must you go?" without a slip of the tongue, or Miss Miller be anxious to learn the names of the five Monteforians who were so glad that we had been lent the Music Hut?

But enough of such scandal. Like the rest of the college we labour under the shadow of exams.; and the only further activity that we hope, as a house, to undertake this term is that of adopting for ourselves a motto chosen by Mr. Montefiore.

P.S.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

THE illustration at the head of this section is probably adequate explanation of the absence from these pages of a report from that Hall.

SOUTH HILL.

THE chief event of the Summer Term is the garden party which this year is to be held in aid of the Appeal Fund. Several Highfield and Montefiore students have kindly volunteered their assistance to make the dancing display, the leading feature of the afternoon, a success. We wish to express our thanks to Miss Ricks for taking charge of the display.

Whitsun Reunion is now over, but the pleasant memories of the week-end are still fresh and will last until we meet again next year.

On the first two Saturdays of this term we entertained and were entertained by Russell House and on both occasions we spent a very enjoyable evening.

There will be many regrets on account of those who are going down next month, and we wish them the very best of luck in their new careers.

G.P.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

EXAMINATION, books, brief idle moments, long hours of arduous labour, sunshine, flowers in the garden,—these are the main impressions of the Summer Term,—so toilsome and so fleeting, the last College Term for some of us. May good fortune smile kindly upon those who are going down, and may the Highfield tradition be carried on faithfully by those who are fortunate enough to be returning!

On May 14th we had hoped to share the joys of our garden with our guests at the Garden Party in aid of the Appeal Fund, but unfortunately the weather was unkind. However, many of the more enthusiastic of our guests paid homage to the tulips (under cover of umbrellas!), and we feel sure that they were well rewarded for their defiance of the raindrops, for never have the flowers been more beautiful than this year, thanks to the kindness of that lover of gardens, Dr. Hill.

A momentary thrill of pride was felt by all of us on hearing the news that the building of a new Hall in the grounds of Highfield had been approved by Council, but our ardour was rapidly damped when the One in Authority sadly remarked that "few of us would live to see it." A new and modern hostel would doubtless be a joy to inspectors and organisers, but after all would it be just like Highfield? We think not!

M.G.W.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

THE past two terms have been the busiest ones of the year. We have entertained, we hope successfully, both Highfield Hall and South Hill. As usual these functions took the form of dances, our thanks being due to those people who provided the music.

In addition we were entertained by South Hill, and those members who accepted the invitation spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. One competition in which Mr. L— excelled above all others provided a great deal of amusement.

This term has seen an innovation, Montefiore House co-operating with us in an "At Home" for the Staff, and we are deeply grateful to our Sister House for enabling us to show our appreciation of our Staff.

Now the committee has come to the end of its term of office, and it is with feelings of regret that we relinquish our positions, but

"Men may come, and men may go
But the House goes on for ever,"

—with apologies to Tennyson—and so to finish my last report.

Good luck to the Warden, Officers, and House, and may we meet you all at next year's Reunion.

H. F. S.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

THIS term, owing to so many outdoor attractions, which make everyone reluctant to attend indoor meetings, only one discussion has taken place. On May 10th in the Music Studio Lady Clare Annesley spoke on "Animal Welfare" to a small audience who were interested if not convinced by the speaker.

On the whole the Literary and Debating Society has had a successful year. The Inter-Varsity Debate has on all sides been judged the best the College has ever held, and the Lunch Hour Debates have all roused considerable discussion and enthusiasm.

M. E. G.

PLAY READING CLUB.

THE past session has been a very trying one for the P.R.C. but, in spite of this, the Club has carried on in its usual quiet and unobtrusive way. We still feel rather embittered towards the experiment of having meetings of all societies on Tuesdays only and hope that this, our second criticism, will not pass by unheeded. The limitations placed upon everyone by this system have reduced the numbers of our active members considerably although many still support us in spirit. The difficulty was overcome on two occasions last term when we had very enjoyable Sunday afternoon meetings at South Hill and South Stoneham House. We are deeply grateful to the wardens of the respective hostels for their kindness in this respect, but deplore the fact that such a method had to be adopted in order to allow the members to be present without "cutting" some other society meeting.

This term all our meetings were to have taken place in the open air, but the vagaries of the English summer caused us to change our plans very hastily on our first attempt.

G. T. MAYNARD.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

THE success of the Society this Session has been largely due to the invaluable help given by Mr. Judd (Sec. B.U.L.N.S.) in getting us such prominent speakers as Dr. Maxwell Garnett and Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, whose respective visits were immensely appreciated. At the L.N.S. Thé Dansant on May 1st the Society raised between £3 and £4—a valuable asset to the treasury!

Subsequent to recognition by the Carnegie Endowment Committee, it is proposed that a new Club within the Society be formed, henceforth to be known as "The International Relations Club." Since one of the privileges of recognition will be the free gift of books and other useful literature on International questions, it is hoped that the quondam abortive study groups will assume a more important and successful role.

K. S.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

DURING this Summer Term a series of visits to various factories in the town has been arranged.

On Wednesday, May 23rd, a party visited the works of Messrs. Auguste Pellerin, who manufacture a large quantity of the margarine which is consumed in and exported from this country.

Again, on Wednesday, May 30th, a visit was paid to the South Western Tar Distilleries at Totton. The party was small but enthusiastic, and we listened (with open mouth and knitted brow) to our guide who, throughout the afternoon, gave us a most lucid, yet comprehensive account of every detail of tar distilling and the refining of the distillates to produce benzole for motorfuel.

G. H. B.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



OUR only meeting this term has been a most enjoyable expedition to the R.A.F. Station at Calshot. By the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, Captain C. W. Jackson, we were enabled to spend about four hours there—chiefly at the meteorological station (weather conditions being of such vital importance to aircraft), where we were shown the various self-recording instruments: rain gauges, cloud atlases and the daily weather charts, which are of such great interest to our budding meteorologists. After the delights of the instruments, etc., had been well nigh exhausted we were allowed to view the hangars and even the Castle itself.

A pleasant journey in the motor-boat and very favourable weather conditions were additional contributions to the success of the meeting.

We are pleased to report that Miss F. C. Miller, B.A., has promised to give the first lecture of next term, entitled "A Remote Town on the Severn."

We wish to thank all our supporters for their splendid help this year, and trust that they will continue to give it next year and the Students' Geographical Society may still be one of the leading academic societies of University College, Southampton.

S.C.M.

THIS term the weekly Prayer Meetings have been continued, though with diminished attendance, due probably to the approach of the examinations which seem already to be exerting their baleful influence over the female section of the population.

The week-end, May 19th and 20th, was set aside for the training of Study Leaders for next year, and under the guidance of the Travelling Secretaries the meetings proved quite successful, and definite lines of study were put forward for next session.

Finally, after much discussion, we have decided to withdraw from incorporation in the College Union, and to strike out on our own. This will very probably mean financial difficulties in the coming year, but these are subordinate to the independence we gain by this action, an independence which is well-nigh essential if we are, as a society, to have a spiritual entity, and avoid becoming a more or less aimless collection of people who more or less feel that they ought to "take an interest in religion."

H. OTTO.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

UP to the present, biological activities have not received due attention as an integral part of the corporate life of the College. This session, however, has seen the formation of the Biological Society, and with its advent we trust that biology will assume its deserved place among other college interests.

Although the Society is in its embryonic stage much enthusiasm has already been shown, and the first meeting held on Monday, May 7th, augurs well for its future.

At this gathering, about forty members, including several townspeople who have joined the Society, listened to the Presidential Address of Prof. S. Mangham on "The Coastal Vegetation of Hampshire."

At the present time, arrangements are being made for a field meeting at Newtown, Isle of Wight, which will take place in the middle of June.

Prospicimus !!

R. LLOYD-WILLIAMS.



ATHLETICS.

AS usual the College Sports were a great success in every way. Perhaps the one regrettable feature was that the attendance was so small. The importance of the Sports as a College function does not seem to be realised by a large number of students, and until support is obtained within the College, we can hardly expect the townspeople to take a great deal of interest.

A very high standard was reached both in track and field events, especially in the sprints, where some very good times were recorded. This year, a distance man, Knibbs, won the individual championship of the men, while the Victrix Ludorum for the third year in succession was Miss Jenkins. Both are to be congratulated on some splendid running.

Our activities have, however, been by no means confined to Sports Day. Apart from the Cross-Country Match with Reading University, a series of track matches have been arranged for this term, the first two of which resulted in overwhelming wins for the College. Relay teams are also being entered at open meetings. Next session it is hoped to organise Athletics as a definite club of the Athletic Union, operating as a Harriers Club in the Winter Term and as an Athletic Club in the Summer Term. May I issue an appeal to all men who intend taking up Cross-Country, to see that they are fit by the beginning of next term so that in our first season we may find a team worthy of the College.

J. C.

TENNIS.

AT the beginning of the term the promised new courts on the sports field were not ready, and of the courts at the college only two were available. Consequently it was not until the second week of the term that we were able to commence our season. The opening match—Seniors v. Juniors—which was won by the Seniors 12-0, revealed no outstanding new talent, though Miss Bancroft, who made her first appearance in college tennis on that occasion promised to be a valuable recruit. Subsequent results have not been very gratifying. Five matches have been cancelled; and of the remaining six, three have been won and three lost. On Saturday, May 19th, we entertained Goldsmiths' College, London; but miserable weather completely spoiled the fixture. We hope for better conditions on June 9th, when we shall return the visit.

The Exeter match will take place on the last Saturday of the term, and will be played on the new hard courts. On good courts the team will doubtless find its form and we are looking forward to a really good match with which to conclude the season.

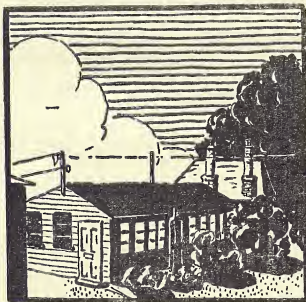
L. H. S.

CRICKET.

THOUGH before the season started doubts were expressed as to the composition of the team, actual play has shown these fears to be unfounded. In Uggen and Storey have been found two capable opening batsmen, though the latter has against him the county of his birth. Matches have shown that there is batting strength to the last man though it was left to the sixth match of the season for the whole ten wickets to fall. The bowling has not been particularly strong, although its variety makes up for this lack of strength. The fielding has been of a high standard, particularly that of Osborn, whose hands have been likened to a bag. So far six games have been played, of which four have been drawn and two won, the victories being against the Old Hartleyans and the Ordnance Survey Office. The Exeter match is yet to be played, and an all-day match with the local clergy excites our fears though possibly not on the score of the result.

Results to June 1 :

Played 6 Won 2 Drawn 4 Lost 0.



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